WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1903-TWENTY PAGES.

COOK INLET TO NOME

RAILWAY ROUTE SAID TO OFFER INDUCEMENTS TO CAPITAL.

Capt. Herron Describes Conditions in Alaska and Suggests Narrow-Gauge Road.

"For men of capital who dare to use it there is no better investment awaiting them than the construction of a 600-mile narrow-gauge, single-track railroad from Cook Inlet, Alaska, to Nome," said Capt. Joseph S. Herron, 2d United States Cavalry, today to a reporter of The Star at the New Willard. The War Department rates Captain Herron among the most daring and successful of the many men in the United States service who have explored that country since it became a part of the public domain. It was Captain Herron's duty in the summer and winter of 1899 to find an all-American route into the center of Alaska from the open harbor of Cook Inlet. Receiving no tidings of the expedition for two months the War Department had about given it up as having perished in the snow and ice of that inhospitable region, when, December 11, a party of men wrapped in tattered blankets, and with feet bleeding and bodies emaclated, tottered into the ramparts of Fort Gibbon and declared their identity

"I am among those who believe Alaska has a great mining and commercial future," continued Captain Herron, "hence the necessity of the construction of the road in the near future. Rich as our island possessions are in commercial possibilities, I believe that Alaska is the most valuable of all our foreign acquisitions. Much has been written of late in the daily press and the magazines relative to the building of a railroad from Valdez, Alaska, to Eagle City. There are not enough population and mining interests at the last-named point to justify, in my opinion, the construction of a road to it. The surface indications are that the object of its constructors is to tap the copper fields at Copper Center. But even if the proposed road were built to Eagle City, what commercial advantage would be gained? Passengers and freighters would still be 1,000 miles from Cape Nome and St. Michael and only on the outer edge of Alaska. Furthermore, miners and others who happened to land at Eagle City would still be compelled to transport them-selves and their supplies across the boundary to Dawson, where the mines are lo-cated, a distance of ninety miles, and would still be compelled to pay tribute to Cana-dian custom houses. The distance from Eagle City to Dawson would have to be accomplished by steamboats in summer and by dog or horse teams hitched to sleds in winter.

Would Begin at Kustatan.

"Were I to construct a railroad in Alaska would break ground in the vicinity of Kustatan, Cook Inlet. Thench I would run the line to Tyoonok, and from that point proceed across the country to the Keechatno valley, piercing the Alaskan range through Simpson Pass. Once through the pass I would extend it in a northwesterly direction until I reached Nulato on the Yukon. I am informed that railroad surveys have already been made from Nu-lato to Nome City. Plenty of timber for bridges, ties, buildings, etc., can be had along the line. From personal observation I can say that there are no remarkable grades to be overcome. The constructors of such a road would not be compelled to blast solid rocks on mountain sides half of the way, as was the case in building the White Pass and Yukon road, and there would be comparatively little to do in the way of making cuts and fills. While the last named road was built at an enormous cost—\$4,250,000—its gross receipts the first season are officially reported to have exceeded \$4,000,000, while its operating expenses were only \$1,000,000.

"Now, this is what the proposed Cook In-let-Nome rallroad would be expected to accomplish: First, it would handle all the trade and passenger traffic of the large and growing settlements and mines already es tablished at Nome. Second, it would open for exploitation and settlement the wonderful Kuskokwim region, the largest and most fertile region in Alaska, and still untouched except by a few explorers and pros-pectors. Gold and quicksilver have already been found within its boundaries, and its timber resources and agricultural prospects are the best in Alaska. In the matter of can compare with it. It goes without saying that the line mentioned would control all the freight and passenger traffic of the

Nome's Prospects. Nome equals, and will probably exceed, in

mineral riches, the famous Klondike. Rich finds of silver, gold and lead have been discovered on the numerous creeks for miles Two narrow-gauge roads, each seven miles in length, are already in operation and paid for themselves the first season. The inhabitants between Nome and the creeks in the recently discovered mineral region would not only be furnished with the necessaries of life and mining supplies the year round at greatly reduced prices, if such a road as I have outlined should be built, but in tapping the rich Kuskokwim country the line would connect with the river of that name, the second largest in District of Columbia by J. W. Clift of Alamaska, and navigable for 600 miles.

"It will be seen, then, that there is a

great commercial future for such a road. Aside from what it would draw in the way of business from the Nome district, it would tap the towns and mining camps on the Yukon and Koyukuk rivers. There is an abundance of coal at the starting point in Cook Inlet which could be easily trans-ported into the interior. Cook Inlet is an open harbor in winter and is adjacent to the Kenal Peninsuia and Kadiak Island, where great fishing, coal, fur and mining interests are located.

"Rest assured that we have only penetrated the outer rind of Alaska's wealth, and while the public mind has been more or less diverted during the past three years to our island possessions. I expect to see the pendulum swing back in favor of Alaska in the very near future."

MISS ROOSEVELT CHARMED.

New Orleans Newspapers Welcome the Daughter of the President.

A special last night from New Orleans to the New York Times says: Miss Alice Roosevelt is charmed with New Orleans and the people she has met, and has no hesitation in saying so. Her welcome at the Atlanteans' ball last night particularly pleased her.

Miss Roosevelt was the guest of honor to-day at a luncheon given by Mrs. Norvin T. Harris. Mrs. McIlhenney gave a dinner for her this evening. Tomorrow there will be another luncheon, and tomorrow night she will witness her first carnival parade and attend her second carnival ball.

The New Orleans papers editorially wel-comed Miss Roosevelt this morning. The Picayune says:
"The people of New Orleans greet with hearty southern welcome the fair young visitors from Washington, who have just

arrived for a brief stay among us.
"One of these ladies is the daughter of
the President of the United States; the
other of a member of the President's cabinet, the Secretary of War.
"As the daughter of the chief magistrate

of this great republic, Miss Roosevelt com-mands all the solicitude, care and assiduous attention that southern chivalry and hospitality can bring for her protection, prosperity and pleasure while she abides with us. But there is something more than this. Apart from any political, official or social considerations that may attach to the daughter of the highest official in this great nation, she is doubtless endowed with all the qualities of grace, beauty and amiability which in themselves should command our admiration and love.
"Let us see to it, then, that when this

fair young visitor shall leave us on return to her home, she will remember Louisiana as the land of lovely women and brave men, and that in their care she was a sacred trust. Let her have cause to remember that our historic and unique old city in the heart of the south is the seat of truest hospitality in all this great republic, and that it is the home of the gentlest and at the same time most gallant and chivalrous men upon the globe. Other features of their stay in New Or

leans will be: Friday, February 20-Luncheon given by Mrs. Pearl Wight; carnival german. Saturday, February 21-Reception given by Mrs. McIlhenney; French opera.
Sunday, February 22 - Luncheon, Mrs Monday, February 23-Dinner, Mrs. Rob-

ert Parker; Proteus ball.
Tuesday, February 24—Invitations to Mrs. Charles A. Whitney, Mrs. W. G. Vincent and Mr. Ratcliff Irby; Comus ball.

Ash Wednesday, February 25. Thursday, February 26-Leave for

Island on the yacht Crescent.

APPEAL TO EX-SLAVES. Circular Asking for Money to Push

Senator Hanna's Bill. A circular is now in possession of the Post

Office Department, where the officials are keeping a watchful eye on the supreme headquarters of the Ex-Slaves' Mutual Bounty and Pension Association. Two years ago fraud orders were issued to prevent the collection of money from the colored people of the south on a similar proposition The circular is as follows:

Supreme Headquarters of the Ex-Slave Mu-tual Relief, B. and P. Association of the United States of America, 1609 11th street northwest, Washington, D. C. Special to all ex-slave clubs throughout this

government.
Dear Friends: We hall you with good news and glad tidings from the supreme headquarters. Senator Mark Hanna intro-duced the ex-slave pension bill today, February 4. He is a man of might and power, and victory is perched on our banner; so much to the front for justice.

The Ex-Slave Mutual Relief, Bounty and

Pension Association has worked, and is working incessantly with concentrated efforts to bring about a certain national legislation whereby every ex-slave member may be compensated for past services ren-dered. This association has been duly incorporated and authorized to transact such business as may tend to bring about such legislation by honorable and just means, and as certain moneys collected for the purpose aforesaid has not been sufficient to meet all necessary disbursements of the state and national officials in execution of their various duties, therefore each member is requested to contribute \$1 (with the exception of those in North Carolina, who have already contributed) to defray national expenses in the agitation of our causes which are now pending for legisla-

This free-will offering when collected will be deposited in the National Safe De

association has opened an account with a association has opened an account with a small balance to our credit, and the same will be used exclusively for the national purposes in defraying expenses in furthering the cause for justice. We hope that every president, secretary and agent will heed this appeal. Send all moneys here to the regularly elected supreme national treasurer on or before April 30, 1903.

Done by order of the Supreme Council. etc., J. W. Clift, national president; Callie D. House, national secretary; Julia Jackson, assistant national secretary: R. E.

D. House, national secretary; Julia Jackson, assistant national secretary; R. E. Gilchrist, board of incorporators, District of Columbia; A. C. Conley, supreme national deputy promoter, and A. W. Rodgers, national inspector. Attest: I. H. Dickerson, supreme national promoter, manager and treasurer.

GOODWIN WAS A DEFAULTER.

So Say Members of Firm of Cassatt & Co., Whom He Represented.

A Philadelphia special says: Members of the firm of Cassatt & Co., bankers and brokers, charge that Howard T. Goodwin, confidential man of the house, who committed suicide recently in his office, was a defaulter. John Lloyd, the firm's manager, is au-

thority for the statement that proceedings are to be instituted against broker firms with which Goodwin had dealings. Mr. Lloyd said:

"The investigation that we have been making has disclosed that Goodwin's books were falsified, and that he was a defaulter. We have not completed our investigation. and the matter is in the hands of our coun-

The amount of Goodwin's stock dealings and investments has been estimated as high as \$1,000,000. Goodwin had power of attorney to sign for the firm, and was in a positions to involve it largely in his opera-The investigation of Goodwin's dealings

elicited the fact that he had made heavy purchases of Consolidated Lake Superior Company shares. He had also invested in a Philadelphia and Arizona mining com-

It is reported that he had dealt extensively in securities of the Safety Explosive Company of America, and that he was a stockholder in the Marles Carved Molding Company.

Expert investigators have gone into his dealings with each of the concerns with which he had business transactions, and it is upon this investigation that the suits about to be started are based.

NOMINATIONS CONFIRMED. Senate Action Upon Presidential Seleca

tions. The following nominations were confirmed

yesterday by the Senate: Willis Van de Vanter, Wyoming, United States circuit judge for the eighth judicial circuit; Vivian J. Fagin, marshal for the southern district of Ohio; John T. McDonough. New York, associate justice of the supreme court of the Philippine Islands.

United States attorneys-John J. Boyce, district of Alaska; M. C. Elstner, western district of Louisiana; William B. Sheppard, northern district of Florida. Appraiser of merchandise-A. S. Badger.

district of New Orleans, La. Cincinnati, Ohio Capt. John R. Bartlett. United States navy (retired), to be rear admiral on the retired

Postmasters: Alabama, S. J. McMorris, Wetumpka; Idaho, Dora C. Hill, Shoshone; Indiana, S. S. Tull, Monon; Michigan, Charles Bidwell, Tecumseh; Texas, William D. Rathjen, Canadian; William A. Stoner, Waco; Iowa, E. W. McCracken, Scranton.

CONTEST OF ENDURANCE.

Mr. Morgan Addressed the Senate for Over Three Hours.

The Senate spent three and one-half hours in executive session yesterday afternoon, listening nearly all the time to a continuation of Senator Morgan's speech against the Panama canal treaty. At the close of the day's session a vote was taken at Senator Morgan's request on his resolution requesting an inquiry into the credentials of Tomas Herran, who represented the Colombian government in negotiating the treaty, and also suggesting the irregularity of the Colombian government. The resolution was defeated, 13 to 39.

There were two calls for a quorum during the session, but senators responded readily, showing that while they were not present in the Senate chamber many of them were in the nearby committee rooms. Senator Morgan spoke principally on his resolution, and had the clerk read a long report on it which he had prepared and had printed as a minority of the committee on interoceanic canals.

tion Senator Cullom moved that the Senate adjourn to meet at 11 o'clock today, saying that he would ask that the sessions be continued into the night and until a vote was taken on the treaty.

Coming to Washington.

Lieutenant Colonel Wm. H. Comegys, deputy paymaster general, now on leave of absence in New York city, has been ordered to this city and report in person to the pay-master general for temporary duty.

English People Want to Break With the Kaiser.

THE VENEZUELAN MESS

CAN'T RISK QUARREL WITH THE

She is the Baker Which Furnishes Great Britain Bread-Some Other Interesting Topics.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

British newspapers continue to denounce the Anglo-German alliance over Venezuela without distinction as to party. The German action in South America is most obnoxious to English people, and the government is urged on all sides to break with the kaiser. The London papers are, of course, quoted frequently, but as showing ill feeling in the country it will be useful to give something of what the provincial press has to say on the subject.

department he not only obtains the concurrence of his chief, but is instructed as borne's defense of the action of the government with regard to Venezuela is, therefore, the defense of Lord Lansdowne, but it eign affairs. Lord Lansdowne must have fumed when he read that his under secretary has publicly admitted that the action of the government had led to what was 'undoubtedly a mess.' Lord Cranborne

zuela, a mess which seems to grow worse rather than better. But this is not the sort of defense which a government usually offers for its policy. We suspect that the under secretary for foreign affairs will be called across the coals for his frank but awkward statement of the results of the policy of the government with regard to Venezuela. Lord Cranborne has a peculiar capacity for committing blunders of this kind. It will be remembered that he stated in the house, with reference to the Anglo-Japanese alliance, that this country 'grant-ed' and did not ask for alliances. The remark gave just offense to the Japanese government, and had immediately to be explained away by the prime minister."

may give us a share of that feeling. We cannot afford to break with the United States. She is our corn warhouse, our corn chandler's shop, our bread basket, our flour barrel, without which we should die from starvation, as millions do in India when the crops fail. That is one of the blessings which we derive from free trade, and that is the mighty weapon which free trade has put into the hands of America.

'It is believed that England has arranged with the United States government to co-erce Venezuela into the semblance of honesty, and that when Germany heard of the arrangement she asked, not his majesty's government, but that of the United States, to be allowed to join in the coercion. President Roosevelt could hardly refuse, and that is the real reason why we are acting conjointly with Germany in the matter. Everybody wants the temporary alliance terminated as soon as possible, so that there may be no time for complications to germi-nate and develop. We cannot afford to quarrel with the only baker in the village, for we have a large family of children, and they are always hungry."

The Birmingham Post, the strong sup-

porter of Mr. Chamberlain, says:
A marked uneasiness of feeling continues to prevail on all hands concerning the Anglo-German co-operation in the matter, and the hope is generally expressed that this particular relationship will soon cease. It would seem that the semi-official press of Germany-as illustrated in the case of the Berlin Post-is trying to persuade itself that only a section of English public opinion is against this co-operation, and that particular journal has sought to induce its readers to believe that "the expressions which Lord Cranborne directed against the criticism in which some English journals are pleased to indulge regarding the action taken by Germany in Venezuela show that the English government had not expected this attitude on the part of the press, and their entire appreciation of Lord Cran borne's speech, as it proves that the official world in England adheres to the policy of common action with Germany, and declines to yield to the influence of tirades against

this country." But "the official world in England" has to yield to public opinion in the long run; and no one can doubt the drift of public opinion just now.

Excitement Over Food Question. The Liverpool Courier's view is interest-

UNITED STATES.

LONDON, February 4, 1903.

The Dundee Advertiser, a liberal paper referring to Lord Cranborne's speech, says: "AVhen an under secretary of state undertakes to defend in public the policy of his to the line he should take. Lord Cranis framed with more than the usual maladroitness of the under secretary for for-

blurted out the truth.
"We are in a mess with regard to Vene-

Can't Quarrel With the United States. The Liverpool Courier, a hard and fast conservative organ, think it unwise to risk a quarrel with the United States. It says:

"The sooner the Venezuela quarrel comes to an end the better for us. At present it is Germany which is the object of America's resentment, but the slightest mistake

disapproved of it. Germans can only record

ing as following out a line of thought introduced by an excitement just now over the food question. There is no instance in human history of a great nation being dependent on possible enemies for its food supply. Great Britain is creating the first instance of the kind, and the fact causes acute alarm in the breasts of many thoughtful men. A very powerful association has been formed to promote an official inquiry into the matter. The Duke of Sutherland is the president and Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal the chairman. On the committee are many dukes, a number of earls, many members of parliament, admirals, soldiers and leading commercial men. Some people pooh-pooh the whole question and say that all that is necessary is an all-powerful navy. But if England had a quarrel with the United States, where is the bread to come from? America could easily prevent Canada send-ing wheat, for she could without much difficulty render both the Grand Trunk and Pacific railways useless. If England were at war with France half a dozen of her fast cruisers could be destroyed. But apart from that, the moment war seemed immi-nent American speculators would send the price of wheat up by leaps and bounds, and, as every barrel of flour in England would be bought by the rich and well-to-do before the first gun was fired, millions of people

might be starving in the streets.

Three loaves out of every four consumed Three loaves out of every four consumed in this country are made of foreign wheat, and half the rest of all the other food in the country comes from abroad. Stop these supplies for a few weeks and Great Britain would be a conquered and a doomed empire, though the fleet might be greater than all the fleets of the world put together. It all the fleets of the world put together. It was a perilous policy to discourage the growth of wheat in the united kingdom. The outspoken character of the report of the public health committee of the London county council on sewage-contaminated shellfish is causing dismay in some of the favorite resorts of Londoners during the

ummer season. The report on oysters and cockles is a somewhat alarming document. London gets its cockles from Southend, and the report cordemns them in toto. It gets its oysters from many places, but the board of health deals with those from five places, and out of eighteen samples it reports that eleven were polluted. Colchester oysters were not included, and it is presumed that they are above suspicion, but, strange to say, some of the renowned Whitstable oysters were

among the condemned.

The existence of the danger has been well known for years, but for fear of di-verting the tripper element the presence of fever has been carefully concealed by the local authorities. Now that the matter has been taken in hand by the London authorities secrecy will no longer be possible. Probably the local government board may be stirred into taking action in the public interest. So many of the local authorities in seaside resorts are eager to keep dark any unfavorable features that the action of a disinterested body is highly desirable. The local government board, by securing an amendment of the existing law against the laying down of shellfish in sewage-contami-nated areas, could do a good deal to check the spread of disease, even if its action tem-porarily affected the popularity of the town as a summer resort. This I hear is likely

Oil Paint in Sticks. An exhibition just opened at the Holland

Gallery is composed of pictures painted by solid oil paints invented by M. Raffaelli. Every one who paints knows the troubles which surround the use of the oil medium, the ever present necessity of making and remaking one's tints on the palette, the

many processes required to keep the colors from chronically quarreling with one another, and the multitudinous number of necessary utensils. M. Raffaelli claims to have done away with all this, and to have supplied a swifter means of communication between the brain of the artist and the work of his hand. The solidified colors are, in short, cased

sticks, which can be sharpened to a point by a knife or used bluntly and rubbed in with a rag. You can buy 200 different tints but a score will suffice for an ordinary masterpiece. One good point is that when the sticks are out of use a skin forms over the paint which requires only to be scraped off for the color to be as good as new. As to effects, judged from the ninety pictures in the Holland Gallery, the colors have strength, richness, and a certain vivacity when used by skilled hands. The experimenters in the new medium are nearly all men of weight and standing,

with whose works one is familiar, and there-fore, one has some basis for comparison. M. Raffaelli, himself distinguished among French impressionists, shows a number of swiftly drawn views full of atmospherand light. He uses the stick with the skill of the accomplished pastellist the art world knows him to be, and the effect is graceful but somewhat unambitious as oil painting Mr. Fitz Thalow, the Danish artist, gets a more fluid quality with a monotonous sur face, and Mr. Bernard a water-color-like result in his drawing of a nymph. On the whole the old method does not seem to no seriously assailed, but for rapid, open-a'r sketching M. Raffaelli has formed a medium that has come to stay.

The Haymarket revivals of eighteenth

century comedies met with so much success that it is hardly surprising that Messrs. Frederic Harrison and Cyril Maude should have looked to the same field for a folk.

successor to "The Unforseen." This delightful little play is doing so well, and Mr. Cyril Maude has established himself such a favorite in the part of the blind curate, that it seems likely to run for some little time to come. When a change of bill becomes necessary, however, it is intended to present George Colman and David Garrick's "The Clandestine Marriage." A new generation of playgoers has sprung up generation of playgoers has sprung up since this was last produced in London fifteen years ago, and the interest which the announcement has excited among theatergoers makes it very apparent that the required will be provided the second of the control of the con revival will be warmly welcomed. Mr Cyril Maude is to play the part of Lord Ogleby and Mrs. Charles Calvert will im-personate Mrs. Heidelberg. L. H. MOORE.

BISHOP CONATY PRESIDED.

Banquet of New York Alumni of Catholic University of Washington.

The ninth annual banquet of the New York alumni of the Catholic University of Washington, D. C., was held last night at

the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. Father P. J. Hayes, president of the alumni association and secretary to Archbishop Farley, presided, and made an address urging sympathy and support for the university, which, he said, was the crowning glory of the system of Catholic education, which has its roots in the parochial school system.

He announced that the alumni had voted to purchase and present to the university the library of the late Dr. Bouquillon, a professor of the university.

Letters of regret were read from Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, the first rector of the university, and a

number of bishops and professors.

Bishop Thomas J. Conaty, rector of the university, who is about to be transferred to the bishopric of Los Angeles, responded to the toast, "The Holy Father."

Leo XIII, the bishop said, was very near and dear to every Catholic and evoked

sentiments the noblest that the human heart can cherish. He pictured impressively "the great white shepherd of christen-dom, from the vantase point of ninety and more years, reviewing the events of a cen-tury past and forecasting the century that is beginning."

Bishop Conaty referred glowingly to his successor, Mgr. O'Connell, who is coming successor, Mgr. O'Connell, who is coming from the American College at Rome to be rector of the university. He said that in its fourteen years a thousand men had passed through the university, which was the only university in America not having a collegiate attachment.

The toast to Archbishop J. M. Farley was offered by the Per. Dr. William J. Kothy.

offered by the Rev. Dr. William J. Kerby professor of sociology at the university who expressed the sentiments of the alumni toward the new archibshop of New York in a speech setting forth the high qualities of Mgr. Farley and the opportunities and de-mands of his work. In replying Archbishop Farley said that he believed some day the university would

surpass all the great medieval universities which one reads about. which one reads about.

Among those present were Dr. James F.
Driscoll, president of the St. Joseph's Seminary, at Dunwoodle, N. Y.; Father A. P.
Doyle of the Paulist Fathers; Father Lavelle of the cathedral and Professors Pace

Boyd's and Vicinity.

and Shaban of the university.

Special Correspondence of The Eveniug Star. BOYD'S, Md., February 18, 1903. s have been busy over this section of county today opening the roads through the heavy snow drifts. The snow was frozen rather hard on top and was packed closely. The roads between Boyd's and Clarksburg were for a mile or so drifted

worse than they have been in years. All the workmen in Brunswick yards at Brunswick, especially among the freight handlers in the transfer sheds at Brunswick, and the car men and yard clerks have formed an organization, and it is their intention to wait upon the company later or requesting an increase in pay. About three hundred or more men have joined.

the hay barracks of Nathan Jamison were burned, it was thought a man had lost his life, as a man supposed to be under the influence of liquor was seen to go into the barracks just before the fire. The rumor cannot be confirmed. The barn was half full of hay at the time of the fire. Mrs. B. H. Dutrow of Gaithersburg, who

At Hyattstown a few weeks ago, when

is on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Williams, at Boyd's, was taken suddenly ill a few nights ago, but has since recovered Mr. W. W. Lewis of Takoma Park, formerly of Clarksburg, was here on a visit this week, but has since returned home. He

moved to Takoma from Clarksburg a few months ago. Miss Felisa Magruder of Urbana, near Hyatistown, it is announced, will wed Mr James C. Ahearn of Catonsville, Baltimore county, at Urbana, Tuesday next. The cerwill take place in the St. Ignatius Catholic Church.

None of the Bodies Recovered.

Steamboat men who arrived at Norfolk Va., from Chowan river yesterday afternoon stated that there was no vestige of the ill-fated steamer Olive, which was struck by the hurricane Monday night fifteen miles below Tunis, N. C., while bound from Edenton to that town, when eighteen of the passengers were drowned. What little remained of the wreck was sunk to the bottom of the river. Every effort is being made to recover the bodies of the victims and divers will probably be sent from Nor-

ON THE RIVER FRONT

Saving one's money by not

doing necessary advertising in conducting business, is like sav-

ing it by starving to death.

OYSTER VESSELS BLOWN ASHORE IN HEAVY GALE.

Arranging for the Alexandria Celebration-Powder for Fort Washington

Guns - Other News.

Two oyster boats, one a new bugeye and the other a small schooner, are reported to be aground on the sand bar at the entrance to Dukehart's channel, near Colton's wharf, Md. The vessels were lying in such a position that their names could not be made out when the steamer Randall passed. They are supposed to belong to the oyster fleet from this city, and went ashore when going into Colton's to load. They are lying in an exposed position, and it is feared they have been greatly damaged by the heavy north-

erly gales of the past two days, as the tide

has not been high enough to allow them to

float and seek harbor. The storms of the past day or two have made the receipts of fish at the wholesale fish market, at the 11th street wharf, quite light, while the demand has been rather heavy, and the dealers have had trouble to meet it. Prices today are firm and are as follows: For pan rock, 10 to 12c. per pound; medium rock, 15 to 16c. per pound; bolling rock, 19 to 20c. per pound; jumpln; mullet, 4 to 5c. per pound; Spanish mackerel, 9 to 10c. per pound; salmon trout, 9 to 11c. per pound; sheephead, 4 to 6 per round; pound; sheepshead, 4 to 6c. per pound; flounders, 5 to 6c. per pound; Potomac black bass, 13 to 17c. per pound; green pike, 10 to 12c. per pound; white perch, 13 to 15c. per pound; white perch, 13 to 15c. per pound; white perch, small, 30 to 50c. per bunch; catfish, large, 35 to 40c. per bunch; catfish, small, 20 to 25c. per bunch; yellow perch, 10 to 40c. per bunch; carp, 15 to 40c. each; eels, 5c. each; Florida roe shad, 60 to 75c. each; buck shad, 50 to 40c. each, and herring 3 to 4c each each, and herring, 3 to 4c. each.

There have been no arrivals of oysterladen boats in the past twenty-four hours, but the stock on hand is ample to meet all demands. There is but little change in prices, small oysters selling at 50 cents per bushel and selected stock at \$1.25 per bushel.

A little flattie which was lying at anchor

in the mouth of Four Mile run was blown from her anchorage by the heavy winds yesterday evening and drifted with the tide and wind off Alexandria, where she was caught and taken into Alexandria for safe-ty. The boat is said to be owned by a fishing club at Alexandria. The gale of yesterday evening was partic-

ularly heavy on the river off the mouth of Occoquan bay, and the tug Dallis, bound for the dairy farm wharf at High Point, was unable to get into the wharf, and was forced to stop at Gunston.

Powder for Target Practice. The steamer Wakefield, which is running

ipon the Glymont mail route, made a special trip to Fort Washington yesterday evening with a small cargo of powder from the United States army powder station in New Jersey, consigned to the ordnance officer at Fort Washington, Md. The powder is to be used in target work with the big guns at the fort. Workmen are aboard the Norfolk line steamer Washington laying a new type of rubber floor covering over the social hall and alley ways on the main deck of the steamer. The rubber is laid in small blocks

and has a mosaic effect when completed.

The officials of the different excursion lines running trips to the river resorts during the summer months are busy making bookings for summer excursion parties. The outlook for a busy season on the river is

The steamers Sue and Westmoreland of the Potomac river fleet of the Weems line, which are out of service for the winter months, are lying at ship yards at Balti-more to be overhauled and put in thorough order for service. Capt. Jack Taylor of Taylor Bros., tug

boat owners here, is at Solomon's Island, Md., looking after the repair work on the tug D. M. Key. Chief Engineer White of the steamer Estelle Randall, who has been ill at Provi-dence Hospital, has been discharged and

will return to duty on his steamer in a few days. Capt. Theo. Keene, mate of the steamer Belle Haven, is ill at his home in Alex-andria. Capt. William Buck is acting mate during Capt. Keene's absence. The schooner Isabelle, laden with cord

wood from Nomini, has arrived in port for

Robert Murphy.

The schooner Earl Biscoe was brought into port yesterday evening by the tug Carter to unload. The Peri, having aboard a cargo of pine wood, came into port yesterday, consigned to Carter & Clark.

The Weems line steamer Potomac, which

arrived here this morning from the lower river, brought up a load of good freight and

had a large passenger list.

Sanford-Villard. One of the leading social events of the season at Athens, Ga., was the marriage last evening of Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard of the New York Evening Post and Miss Julia Breckenridge Sanford, a beautiful and accomplished young woman of Covington, Ky. It seemed appropriate that the marriage should occur in Athens, as it was in that city, while attending the southern educational conference last April, that Mr. Villard first met Miss Sanford.



CHAPTER XXXI. "Better in the Morning."

A few days before the battle the Ivanhoe, a blockade runner, had been chased ashore under the guns of Fort Morgan, where she had been destroyed by some of the light draft gunboats of the fleet. While with a party of men from the fort, endeavoring to save some of her cargo, Beverly Annan had been struck in the abdomen by a piece of a shell. The wound was necessarily fatal. Mary Annan had been at once summoned from Mobile by telegraph and had come down to the fort on a tugboat with Dr. Bampney and Hamilton Pleasants, now a colonel on General Maury's staff. Tempe was not allowed to come, but had remained at An-

nandale under the care of Mrs. Peyton and Oh, the cruel, cruel war! It had robbed her of father and of the man who loved her; it had parted her from the man she loved, and now its ensanguined hands were reached out to take from her the last who could transmit her honored name. And he was only a boy, a child. She might have was allittle older, a little whiter, a little grimmer; that was all.

There was not an unpleasant place. The caseinate was not an unpleasant place. The foor had been freshly white-looked much as he had before the war—a little older, a little whiter, a little grimmer; that was all.

There was nothing but kindness in his face now, however. He had always loved there was a thought in all her anguish—she hated herself for its lodgment in her mind—

It had robbed them croducted them into the fort and then conducted them into the foot of an unpleasant place. The flow and the foot of the been freshly white—

"Is that you, or, "Bather" in the morning, ing, as they all did, the doctor, "Is that you, or, "Bather" in the morning. "Our Father in the floor had been freshly white foor in the floor had been freshly white.

There was all neat and clean and the sunlight poured in through the open door. The foot in the floor in t

that with every passing hour she was draw ing nearer to Feyton! As they swept past the three confederate gunboats they saw beyond them, between them and the channel, the great ironclad Tennessee rising above the gently tossing water like some black volcanic rock, stern sinister, menacing, impregnable. The light smoke that curled around the top of the tall stack indicated that she had steam up, and the absence of the usual deck gear would have told a practiced eye that she was stripped for action. They passed close to her, so close that Willis Peyton on the

superstructure recognized Mary Annan and

her escorts and lifted and waved his cap, wondering the while what had brought them down there. They were very near the fort now. Pres-They were very near the fort now. Presently they drew up at the landing, and a few minutes' toilsome walking over the shifting sandy shore brought them to the cavernous mouth of the sally port. Challenged there, they waited until the officer of the guard appeared and, recognizing them, conducted them into the fort and thence into the brick citadel proper. There General Peyton himself met them. He looked much as he had before the war—a little older, a little whiter, a little grimmer; that was all.

had gone he felt like a father to her. Indeed, he had hoped that he might be in that position to her some day before his boy turned his back upon the south and broke his father's heart. Ah, many a day had the old man mounted the rampart and stared at the ships, thinking of that lad who had gone away! General Peyton had loved Beyerly Annan, too, for his father's and sister's sake as well as for his own, and it had grieved him sorely that the int-faced, proud-hearted young laduld be stricken down. bright-faced. "How is he?" cried the girl as soon as she

saw the general. The old man shook his head mournfully. "It there no chance; no hope?"
"My dear," he said, taking her hand in both his hands, "you are a soldier's sweetheart"—she winced at that—"and you are a soldier's sister. You must bear it! The poor boy! He is giving his all for the south and that flag," he added, lifting his hat as he looked up at the tall staff with the white-

"Yes, yes," said the girl; "the war is taking everything from me—everything! But where is he?" "In the casemate out yonder," answered the general. "We have fitted it up as a hospital. Colonel Pleasants and Dr. Bamp-ney, after you have seen him I wish you would come over to my quarters. I want you to stay with me until—" He stopped suddenly with a significant pause which cut the girl to the heart.

starred blue St. Andrew's cross stretched

over its red rippling folds.

presently."

smiling a little, "but we can fix up a shake-down for you." "Thank you, general, anything will do for me," said Pleasants; "I am an old cam-paignen you know." "Although I am not a campaigner," said Dr. Bampney, "I am old enough for any-thing to do for me too. We'll be with you

"We have no spare room in the fort to speak of," continued the old man quickly,

man sat at the head fanning the patient. The boy lay with his eyes closed, his head thrown back, motionless; a low moan broke from his lips from time to time. He was as white as death and broken with suffer-

ng. Mary Annan and the two men walked softly over to the bed. Something rose in her throat and seemed to choke her as she looked down at her little brother. He nad been so bright, so handsome, so full of spirits, and now it was all come to this. Of all the men in that garrison her boy,

of all the men in that garrison her boy, her boy alone, had been stricken down, the lad who should have been at play at school. Now he would never play again. The impartial touch of war and death had been laid upon him.

As she leaned over the cot in spite of herself a sob broke from her lips. The sufferer heard it and opened his eyes.

"Sister Mary," he whispered, stifling a low moan like the brave little soldier he was, "don't cry. It doesn't hurt so very much, does it, doctor? And he says—he says—I will—be better"—the boy bit his lip as a paroxysm of pain shook his body, to keep from crying out—"better in the morning. Won't—I, doctor?"

"Yes, my boy," said the physician, biting his own lip in turn, "I hope so; I think so. I am sure of it."

"Who is that with you? I can't see very—well.

"Who is that with you? I can't see very -well, Sister Mary."
"It's Colonel Pleasants and Dr. Bamp-

"Gentlemen," said the lad-and what a "Gentlemen," said the lad—and what a gentleman he was himself, the two men thought—"I'm glad to see you. You will—excuse me for—not—getting up? It—was good—of you—to come down here—to see me. Where—is father, Mary?" he said, suddenly, with a little bewildered stare. "I—I—want him. Why doesn't he—come, too?"

The girl looked at the two men in hopeless agony. The old clergyman knelt down by the boy's bedside and took his hand in both his own.

less agony. The old clergyman knelt down by the boy's bedside and took his hand in both his own.

"You will have your father in the morning, my son," he said, softly, understanding, as they all did, the doctor's meaning.

"Is that you, Dr. Bampney? Father—I will see him—in the morning. 'Our Father—that is what you taught me—when I was a boy—in your Sunday school."

"Yes, my lad," said the old man, "'Our Father.'"

eternal prayer. Pleasants covered his face with his hands. The sick soldier in the corner lifted himself upon his elbow and listened, the artilleryman rose and gave by her brother's side.

"Yes, my boy, better soon." "I must bear it-too-musn't I-because -am-a soldier-a-ma-an-Annan-bear it -I love? Don't cry, Sister Mary. It will-be all-right in the-morning."

He lifted his hand weakly and dropped

see you."
"Beverly, my boy," said Col. Peyton, looking down at him gravely and tenderly it might have been his own son he looked upon—"how do you feel now?"
"Much the same, sir," said the boy, making a pitiful effort to salute; "it's a great-

honor for-the-general to come-visit a

There was that in that room that leveled all distinctions of rank. "We are not general and private now. lad. You are just the son of my dear old friend. I have come to say good—" the general hesitated a moment, "good night

don't want—to die now. I want to—live and do more for the south. If I'd only—got my wound—in battle, when I—was doing something."

"Never mind, my boy," said the old man, "you are wounded under your flag, in the service of your country. Nothing could be more roble."

and sadly through the door and stood outside the casemate listening.
"Now, Annan," said the doctor, coming back, "drink this, and then perhaps you

"We will not leave you," said the clergyman quietly. "Never again," said Mary brokenly.

'Yes, when you are well.' "Sister Mary," said the boy, after a little cause, "won't you sing me something?" She did not think she could frame a note

dear?" "Sing me-some of the songs-you usedto sing. "Which one?"
"The 'Mocking Bird.'

God, who had given her the voice, gave her the power to use it. How she did it she could not tell. Kneeling there by the bed, she sang the old song, the song that brought up the days of the past; the song of the man who had loved her and was gone—who had died on the hills of Chickamauga-and the other man she loved on the ship beneath the alien flag. It brought back days of happiness and hours of joy, sweet dreams of the past. Low and clear and sweet as the notes of the bird the song rose in the air. Outside the casemate the two officers listened. The sentry on the ramparts stopped entranced. The men of the garrison, led by the artilleryman, crowded nearer, listening with beating hearts. Hats were removed from heads, and heads were bowed as the music rose and fell. As the last note died away the trumpet from the ramparts sounded re-treat call and the colors came drooping

gently down the staff.
Within the casemate all was silent. "That's a good song," said Beverly faintly at last. "It almost makes—me forget—the

"Yes, this time—a hymn."
"What shall it be?"

To sing that hymn, to keep the throat clear and the heart down, to sing in the face of death itself, with anguish gnawing at the soul—to lead a charge, to die on a field, were child's play by it. The boy listened with closed eyes and compressed lips. The woman sang with every fiber in her being with a transfer of the state of the her being vibrating with pain and grief, with despair accompanying the notes, yet she never stopped nor faltered, her voice never broke. Honor and duty bade her sing, and she inflexibly followed their be-Rich and full rose the rare contralto voice

There are harder things than fighting

battles-things that women have to do

with its deep note of passion. Mary Annan had never sung so well before, and she would never sing so well again, perhaps, The words and music of the mighty hymn rolled through the casemate and out through the citadel of the fort, where the officers and men, wet eyed, listened in the twilights "When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, suilen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!"

How still he lay, she thought as she looked down upon him—how very still! Was it over? Had so ended life's transient dream for him? Not yet, O pitiful God; not yet! She lifted her hand to her throat. No; he

was speaking!

"Thank you," he murmured, rousing himself a little. "I won't ask—you to—sing any, more—Sister Mary. You must be—tired."

"I will sing more if you want me to, "No; I'm-going-to sleep now," he gasped out. 'Do you remember how mother-used to have us-kneel-at her-knee every

night? I haven't-forgotten-that prayer, I always say it. We'll all-say it. And-then-I'll go-to-sleep and be-better-in the morning.
"'Now I—lay—me—down to—sleep. I pray The Lord"—
The old doctor finished the prayer alone in the silence. The opiate the doctor had given the boy had at last taken effect, and the sufferer drifted out to sleep. He would be better in the morning.

Ah, how many sufferers have been cheered through long nights of pain by that sad, elusive hope—better in the morning!

(To be continued tomorrow.)

place to the woman, and considerately left the casemate, and poor Mary Annan knelt, too, and buried her head in the bedciothes "That's a-good prayer, doctor," said the boy, after a long silence. "Oh, how-this-hurts me! But-I-will-be-better-soon.

it on her bowed head.
"Annan," said the doctor, coming into the room, "here is the general coming to

to you."
"I am glad—it isn't good—bye, sir. I—I-

more noble."

"Thank you, sir. Oh, doctor—can't you give—me something so—that I can get a—little sleep? It—hurts so! And—it hurts Sister Mary—to see me suffer."

"I will give you something," said the doctor, turning away, "and perhaps you can sleen."

The old general went to the head of the bed, hesitated a moment, stooped down and pressed his lips upon the boy's brow. "Good-night, my boy, and God bless you." Followed by Pleasants he walked slowly

can get a little sleep."
"You will-stay with-me, Sister Mary? And you, too, Dr. Bampney?" said the boy, as he quaffed the draft.

"You can't say that—Sister Mary. Be-cause—when I—am well—I must go on duty

with her sinking heart, yet what could "What do you wish me to sing, Beverly,

oain-sing more."
"A hymn this time, Beverly?"

"'My Faith Looks Up to Thee.' That's good—hymn—doctor—for a soldier."
"Yes. it's a good one for anybody, Beverly."